

THE
NEW-YORK
WEEKLY MUSEUM,

OR

POLITE REPOSITORY

OF

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

VOL. IV.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1816.

NO. 11.

CORALLY AND NELSON :

OR,

THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

(Continued.)

On hearing these words, she fixed her eyes on Juliette, which expressed both grief and astonishment.—“I am,” said she, “the cause of your leaving Nelson. You are sorry that he loves me; you are jealous of the pity with which a young orphan inspires him. Alas, what would you not envy, if you envy pity; if you envy it to one who loves you, and who would sacrifice her life, the only property she has, for you? You are unjust. Your brother does not love you the less for loving me, and if it were possible, he would love you more, for my sentiments would pass into his soul; and I have nothing else to do but inspire him with complaisance and love.”

Juliette endeavoured in vain to persuade her that she and Nelson left each other as good friends.—“It is impossible,” said she. “It was all your delight to live together. And how long has it been necessary that you should have separate houses? Those who love one another

never want room; separation is agreeable only to those who hate one another. You, heavens! you hate one another!” continued she, “who then can love one another, if two hearts so full of kindness and virtue do not love each other! It is I, unhappy I, who have brought trouble into the house of peace? I wish to quit it; yes, I beg you to send me back to my own country. I shall there meet with souls that will melt at my misfortunes and my tears, and will not think it blameable to excite a little pity.”

“You forget,” said Juliette, “that you are a deposit, intrusted to our hands.”—“I am free,” replied the young Indian, with some warmth, “I am at my own disposal. And what can I do here? With whom can I live? With what eye must one of you look on me for having robbed you of the other? Can I comfort you for the loss of a brother? I who am destined to make those unhappy, who are the only objects of my love. No; you never shall leave each other, my arms shall be the chain to fasten you together.” Then running to Nelson, and snatching his hand, “Come,” said she, “and swear to your sister, that you love nothing in the world as much as her.” Nelson agitated to the bottom of

his soul, suffered himself to be led to his sisters' knees and Corally, hanging on Juliette's neck; "You," continued she, "if you are my mother, forgive him for loving your child; his heart is big enough for us both, and if you should lose any part of it, mine shall make you a compensation."—"O, dangerous girl," said the melting English lady, "what troubles are you going to bring upon us!"—"Ah, sister," cried Nelson, as he felt himself pressed by Corally, against his sister's bosom, "have you the heart to afflict this child!"

Corally, enchanted with her triumph, kissed Juliette with the greatest tenderness, at the very instant in which Nelson leant his face on his sister's. He felt the glowing cheek of Corally, still bedewed with tears, touch his. He was surprised at the confusion and extacy which this accident produced. "Happily," said he, "it is only a simple emotion of the senses, it cannot penetrate the heart. I am master of myself, I am confident of myself." Notwithstanding he concealed from his sister what he would have wished to conceal from himself, he consoled Corally with the greatest tenderness, by confessing to her that all which had been said to disturb her was only a jest. "But added he, "the advice I would give you does not fall under that description, which is to distrust your own heart, which is too artless, and too susceptible." Nothing could be more engaging than this tender and affectionate address; but the best things frequently become dangerous by excess.

"Will you not calm my disquiet,"—said Corally to Juliette, as soon as Nelson left the room. "You may say what you please; but it is rather unnatural to make a jest of my grief. There is something serious concealed under this air of gaiety; I saw you look very

melancholic: as for Nelson, he appeared greatly agitated; I felt his hand tremble in mine, my eyes met his, and I saw something tender and sorrowful in them at the same time. He is apprehensive of my sensibility. He is apprehensive lest I should deliver myself up to it.—My good friend, is it any crime to love?"

"Yes child, if I must say so, it will prove a misfortune to you both. A woman, you may have seen it in India, as well as here, a woman, is designed for the society of one man only; and by that sacred and awful union, the pleasure of loving becomes a duty incumbent upon her."

"I know that," said Corally, with the greatest ingenuousness, "you mean matrimony."

"Yes Corally; and this attachment is laudable between a married couple; but forbid till it comes to that."

"That is very unreasonable," said the young Indian; "before this union, they ought to know whether they loved one another; and it is only in proportion as we love one another before, that we shall love one another afterwards. For instance, if Nelson loved me as much as I love him, it would be very evident, that each of us had met with its counterpart."

"But do you know in what respects, to what obligations we are implicitly bound; and that you was never destined for Nelson?"

"Corally casting down her eyes:—"I understand you," said she, "I am poor, but Nelson is rich; but my misfortune does not forbid me reverence, and cherish beneficent virtue, at least.—If a tree were indued with sensibility, it would rejoice to see the person who cultivates it, repose under its shade, respire the perfume of its blossoms, taste the sweetness of its fruits; I

that tree cultivated by both of you, and nature has given me sensibility."

Juliette smiled at the comparison; but she soon convinced her that nothing could be less decent, than what she thought to be so just. Corally heard her, blushed, and from that time her gaiety, her native ingenuousness gave place to a greater reserve, and to a more timorous behaviour. What hurt her most in our manners, though she might have seen examples of it in India, was the excessive inequality of wealth; but she had not suffered any humiliation on that account before: she did suffer it now for the first time.

"My lady," said she to Juliette, "I spend my time entirely in learning things which are not necessary. If I were taught to get my bread by industry, I should be satisfied; I should be more useful both to myself and others. I should be glad: I would beseech you to recommend me to a place in that line. That is the resource that I would wish you to procure me."

"You will be reduced to such a degree," said the English lady; "and leaving us out of the question, it is not without reason that Blandford has undertaken to be a father to you."

"Favours conferred," replied Corally, "engage us frequently more than we could wish. It is no disgrace to receive them, but I find it is more fashionable to reject them."

Juliette remonstrated against the nicety of her delicacy in vain; Corally could not bear to hear of amusements or the vanity of fashion. Amidst those occupations which are suitable to the delicate, she preferred those that required the greatest address and understanding; and while she applied herself to them, her only apprehension was, whether they would afford a person a maintenance.

"Have you any design then to leave me?" said Juliette.

"I could wish," replied Corally, "to be above any obligation, but that of loving you. I could wish to rid you of me, if I in anywise obstruct your happiness; but if I could contribute to it, do not be afraid of my running away from you. I am dear to you; your disinterestedness is an example, that, I believe, I am bound to imitate."

Nelson could not help adverting to Corally's engaging in the meanest domestic offices, and the disgust she shewed to things of mere amusement. He beheld with equal surprize the modest simplicity which she had introduced in her dress; and he could not help asking her reasons for it.

"I am trying what it is to be poor," she replied with a smile, and her cast-down eyes swam in tears.

Her expressions, her tears, which stole unwilling from her, pierced his very soul.—"Heaven!" cried he, "has my sister inspired her with any apprehensions of being reduced to poverty?"—and when he was alone with Juliette, he pressed her to give him an éclaircissement.

"Alas!" said he, after he had heard her, "what cruel industry do you employ to render both her life and mine miserable! Though you were less secure with respect to her innocence, are you not secure enough in my honour?"

"Ah, Nelson! I am not apprehensive of any thing criminal, or dishonourable; but I am apprehensive of misery. You see with how much dangerous confidence she indulges the pleasure of seeing you; how she is insensibly attached to you; how nature lures her, unknown to her, into the snares which she conceals from her. Believe me my friend, considering the difference between your age and her's the name of friendship is

a mere pretence. And can I abandon both of you to the illusion ! But, Nelson, your duty is more precious to me than your tranquility. Corally is destined for your friend ; he himself has committed her as a sacred deposit to your charge, and you have robbed him of her."

"I! sister ; what is it that you dare forewarn me of?"

"Of what you ought to avoid. I could wish, that though she may have some attachment for you, she would consent to marry Blandford ; I could wish that she was beloved by him, and that he might be happy with her ; but can she be happy with him ? And were you affected only with the compassion, which she so richly merits, what would you not feel for the disturbed, perhaps for ever, tranquility of this unfortunate girl ! But would you see her pining away with love, and restrain yourself merely to pity her. You love her—What did I say ? Ah, Nelson, may heaven grant it may still be time !"

"Yes, sister, it is still time enough to form that resolution which will remove your anxiety. I desire you only to treat the sensibility of that innocent soul with tenderness, and not to afflict her without necessity."

"Your absence will certainly make her unhappy ; but that alone can effect a cure. This is a time of retiring to the country ; I was to follow you there, and bring Corally with me ; you shall now go by yourself ; and we will stay at London. In the mean while write word to Blandford, that his presence is necessary."

As soon as the young Indian found that Nelson had left her in London with Juliette, she seemed as if she had been left in a desert, and abandoned by every one. But as she had learnt to blush and

consequently to dissemble, she covered her grief under the pretence that it was occasioned by the reproach she laboured under for being the cause of their separation.

"You would have followed him," said she to lady Juliette ; but I keep you from going. Unhappy one that I am? leave me by myself, abandon me." As she spoke these words, she wept bitterly. The more Juliette endeavoured to assuage, the more she increased her distress. All the objects which surrounded her made little or no impression upon her ; one idea engrossed all her soul. It was necessary to make use of some sort of violence to divert her from it ; and as soon as she was left to herself, it was apparent, that her thoughts fled back again to the object they were obliged to quit. If the name of Nelson was mentioned in her hearing, a lively blush tinged her countenance, her bosom heaved, her lips quivered, all her body was seized with a sensible tremor. Juliette surprized her in her walk, tracing on the sand, in different places, the initial of the beloved name. The portrait of Nelson decorated Juliette's apartment ; Corally's eyes never failed fixing upon it, when she thought herself unobserved : it was in vain she wished to turn them from it ; they soon returned to it, as it were mechanically, and with one of those emotions in which the soul is an accomplice not a confidant. The distress in which she was immersed dispersed on the sight of it, her work fell out of her hands, and every tenderness of grief and love animated her beauty.

(To be continued.)

Learning is like Scanderberg's sword, either good or bad, according to him that hath it: an excellent weapon, if well used ; otherwise, like a sharp razor in the hand of a child.

Communicated for the New-York Weekly Museum.

EFFECTS OF ENVY AND JEALOUSY.

..... THE babbling of this stream over the rocks has deceived me—Twice I heard the voice of distress, and, fearing to excite any alarm in this dreary place on the possibility of being deceived, was silent; but now my beloved Lucy, I perceive an object like a female moving; let us hasten in spite of the briars into this thicket, to render assistance if it should be necessary. The amiable Lucy, forgetting the little strayed kid they were in search of, sprang to her husband and hastily proceeded to the other side of the stream, whence the sound came. The timid Elizabeth, frightened at every noise, no sooner heard approaching footsteps, than she shrunk behind a bush, hoping she might be passed by unnoticed, as she had formed a determination to remain where she was until exhausted by hunger or devoured by some wild beast. But Lucy, observing her wild aspect, advanced carefully, requesting Stephen to remain a little distance from them. The waning moon now and then cast a glance thro' the thick foliage on the fast fading beauty of Elizabeth. Overcome with surprise, to find a young delicate girl at that late hour in so unfrequented a place, without delay Lucy thus addressed her; "my young friend, it is now more than an hour after sunset, the chill dews begin to fall, and the ground is damp: arise, and let me conduct you to our Cottage which is close by, and then explain to us the cause of your being thus alone, and in such apparent distress.

"Oh stranger," cried Elizabeth, "if you have feeling, ask not a recital of my sorrows, but leave me: ere the sun shall set twice more, poor heart-broken Elizabeth will be at rest."

Our cottage, said Lucy, is quite secluded from the noisy world; I am sure I can make you comfortable, come, I cannot leave you; it is growing late; let us go. Soothed, in some degree, by the kind manner of Lucy, she consented to accompany her to their habitation. Collecting her remaining strength, she proceeded slowly and silently, followed at a little distance by Stephen. They all entered the cottage together—the light-wood fire blazing cheerfully upon the hearth; and their evening's repast prepared on a small table. After refreshing themselves they retired to rest, which Elizabeth had been a stranger to for more than a week; having for the space of that time had no other bed than the dewy grass, and subsisted on wild berries. Stephen and Lucy were up with the dawn the next morning, but the exhausted stranger, unable from the fatigue and exposure she had undergone, to rise; requested the attention of her kind friends, for a short time in her apartment: all being seated and silent, drowned in tears, she commenced her sorrowful story. "You may be surprised," she said, "to hear that Lord and Lady Barlow, who live not many miles distant from this abode of peace and happiness, are the parents of the unfortunate Elizabeth now under your roof. Being the only child, and for 15 years the idol of the manor, you may easily suppose I was indulged to excess; and this body now lacerated with thorns and briars, the admiration of every circle. My suitors were innumerable, but I must not dwell too long on that: numerous as they were, my heart was as yet impenetrable—not one could gain the smallest share of my affections. On the day I arrived at 15 years of age, my Father gave a splendid dinner in celebration. An intimate friend of our family introduced to us on that day, the

brave and noble Edmund Elliott: the impression then made can never be erased while this heart beats. His visits were frequent, and from the pleasure he at all times manifested in my company, I began to flatter myself he reciprocated my affection; for now I knew I loved him. Two months elapsed, when taking a walk one evening with him some distance from our residence, emboldened by the sincerity and fervency of his affection—overcoming that diffidence which had before prevented, in most elegant terms he avowed his unbounded attachment, founded on the most honorable principles, and humbly solicited my hand and heart to consummate his happiness. The proffer was irresistible: suffused with blushes, I could only give him my hand indicative of consent. My parents were informed of our engagements, and with their warmest approbation, the day of our nuptials was fixed on:—but jealousy—oh distraction! do I dream—no—too true. Jealousy—envy in an ungrateful dependant—yes; one, raised, clothed and educated on the bounty of my much loved parents, has, by the blackest arts, brought me to my present deplorable condition. Perceiving the unremitted attention of Mr. Elliott to me, and being enamoured of him herself, the genius of evil assisted her in contriving a method to prevent our union. She succeeded—oh black ingratitude! In order to keep herself hid in the scheme, with the pocket-money allowed her, she bribed my Father's Coachman to write a letter which she dictated; representing me the most abandoned of my sex; and that my marriage with him would only cover criminal conduct with others—and conveyed this letter secretly to my adored Edmund.

His high respect for me would not suffer him to give the smallest hint of

what had passed, but it acted so powerfully upon his mind, a fever was the consequence; and during his illness he sent repeatedly for me; at length I went, but alas! the explanation came too late; he drew me to him and assured me it was not a belief, but the dismal uncertainty which occasioned the distress which fast hurried him to the tomb. Conscious of my innocence, and almost struck lifeless at the baseness of the plot, 'twas more than I could bear; I fainted and remained for some time insensible: means however were employed to restore me, and, when my senses returned, I was called to take a last farewell of my beloved Edmund. I drew near and laid my face upon his, which was bathed with my tears, but the icy chill of death stole fast upon him, and, in a few minutes, he breathed his last! Oh torturing recollection! I clung to his precious remains until they were forced from me to be laid in the grave. I took my leave of him and happiness together.

Home had now no comforts for me. I resolved to see my parents no more; and without a change of raiment, wandered not knowing where. As Providence has directed me to your hospitable dwelling, I pray that his blessings may rest upon you; my strength is rapidly going; if you should see my parents in their search for me, inform them their much loved Elizabeth died, *spotless as the lily*, a victim to jealousy and envy. Here she finished her mournful tale.

She received the blessings of the good family, and, in a few hours, the much injured, but innocent and beautiful Elizabeth, expired.

Princes and their Grandees, of all men, are the unhappiest; for they are least alone.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE INFLUENCE OF FANCY.

LET those, in whom the throb of genius never was experienced, alone declaim against the influence of the Fancy upon the operations of the heart. The mind totally devoid of fancy belongs only to the dreary misanthrope and the frozen calculator. To the painter, the hand of Fancy, with her fairy touch, makes all lovely and beautiful as the first morning of creation, or as the vivid tints of the rainbow. To the musician, the notes of ethereal harmony come wafted on every breeze, by her enchanting influence. To the bard, she appears the angel of life and light—lifts him above the baser propensities of nature, and fixes his gaze on things eternally sublime; thus constituting that high prerogative of the lyre, which has been so beautifully described by one of its votaries:—

The mouldering rocks, the Hero's hope,
shall fail,
Earthquakes shall heave the mountains to
the vale,
The shrine of adamant betray its trust,
And the proud pyramid dissolve to dust;
The LYRE alone immortal fame secures,
For song alone through Nature's change
endures;
Transfused like life, from breast to breast it
glows,
From sire to son by sure succession flows,
Speeds its unceasing flight from clime to
clime,
Outstripping death upon the wings of time.
Montgomery.

To the poet, Fancy is often more efficacious in producing powerful emotion, than even nature herself. Plain reality may please for a while, but it has its limit. Fancy, on the other hand, knows no bound. The "seraph-wings of extacy" bear the spirit far beyond what *Lucretius* has termed the "flam-

ing boundaries of the world,"* and roams with her over new-created regions, and extensive worlds, where it is not allowed for corporeal impurity to enter, or earthly frailty to be found. If the poet wishes to describe the tender passions; to excite feelings of pity, of love, and of admiration;—where nature herself fails, Fancy comes to her assistance, and furnishes the writer with thoughts and incidents, which, though indeed never existing in reality, interest more, and move in a stronger degree the desired emotions, than if the poet had made no deviation from nature.

Such are the employments of the child of fancy;—they bear him indeed above these sublunary scenes, but they unfit him to encounter the difficulties he must expect to meet throughout life.—The vulgar mass of men cannot relish what appears to the Bard the highest enjoyment. He wings his flight afar—but when he returns, sorrow and disappointment stare him in the face. The rocks and trees move not at the sound of his Lyre; the river delays not its course; and man pursues the "tenor of his way," regardless of the minstrel's exertions. But a few are able to taste with him the pleasure he experiences;—and even of that few, how large a proportion turn away from him, either through selfish interest, or tormenting jealousy. The Bard, when he treads on earth, treads there alone. The voice of human sympathy seldom reaches his ear;—the flowers of enjoyment are perpetually withered by the blasts of disappointment, and the grave hides at length forever, from the sight of an unfeeling world, the victim of its scorn and cold-blooded neglect. During life, he has to conflict with all the different passions and propensities of men; and, even

* *Flammantia mœnia mundi.*

if he should happen to strike the chord which sounds in unison with their feelings, what has he not to expect from their ingratitude?

Ambition him shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy.
The stings of Falsehood him shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow.

Gray.

Too often, it is to be feared, he sinks under the accumulated load of his miseries, and leaves a world in despair, where his merit was disregarded and his efforts discouraged. The cold and wintry gale often passes too roughly over the form of Genius; and the mind that was created for the exercise of the best feelings of our nature, either

"Yields to heaven the breath it gave,"

or subsides into brutal apathy, and sluggish indifference. The hero and the conqueror have splendid monuments and trophies raised in their honour while they live; their exploits furnish subjects to the arts of painting, poetry, and eloquence;—but the offspring of Fancy must be content to know, that it is only from the cypress that blooms upon his sepulchre, that his fame can arise in its true splendor. He resembles, in the words of an elegant American author, "Some canonized saint, before whose shrine treasures are lavished, and clouds of incense offered up, and to whom, while living, the cold hand of charity refused the pittance that would have soothed his miseries."

Yet look forward with hope, victims of sorrow and pain! Posterity alone is the tribunal to which you must appeal. She, like an impartial judge, will disclose your true merits, and reward you with "an immortality of fame";—and, while the mass of those whose works may for a space please a frail and wavering po-

pulace, shall be consigned to everlasting forgetfulness, the fruits of *your* exertions shall obtain a conspicuous place in the temple of literature, and your brow be crowned with a laurel, which "perdurable with time," shall bloom uninjured to the latest posterity. Your tomb shall be the resort of future beings as unhappy as yourselves, and the pathetic strains ye sung so well, be echoed over your remains. Life has past but roughly over your heads; your cheeks were never pillowed on the bosom of sympathy;—yet, in death, all shall be well;—

Yet shall your grave with rising flowers be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on your breast:
There shall the Morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow.
[Pope.]

AURELIUS.

Advice to the FAIR SEX, on the choice of a HUSBAND.

"Love is strong as death, jealousy cruel as the grave."
Canticles, viii. 6.

A YOUNG lady surrounded with the gifts of fortune (or supposed so by the world) though entirely destitute of internal endowments or personal attractions, will always find men enough (properly styled fortune-hunters) that, merely for the sake of making their fortunes, will profess themselves their sincere admirers and devotees, though without the least pretence to real affection and regard for the ladies whom they address. And as it is almost impossible to distinguish a real lover from a designing flatterer, and the female sex are so apt to be caught by the fair speeches, and professions of those who are pleased to make use of them, it is the indispensable duty, as well as interest of every

young lady, to be well acquainted with the character, situation, and intentions of the man who visits her as an humble servant, before she suffers herself to think favourably of, and fix her esteem on him; for it is very difficult to alter or remove affection, after it is once placed on a certain object. But after meeting with a gentleman, who has always endeavoured to approve himself worthy her approbation, one who is upon an equality, or rather in a superior situation to her, and has an undeniable reputation; of a religious turn of mind, sweetness of temper, and whom she secretly does esteem; to *trifle* with such a one, I think must be deemed extremely wrong and imprudent; to play the coquet with such, plainly proves the lady undeserving, in every respect, of so sincere, honourable a lover.—It is often said, a man must not regard a *first*, *second* or *third* refusal; but permit me, to observe, such a conduct and behaviour to one who unfeignedly esteems a lady will prove far more disgusting and weak, than yielding upon the first asking a question; as one would appear too *forward*, the other would be thought a proof of *coolness*, *indifference*, or *want of affection*.—As jealousy is often the attendant of a strong passion, and violent in its emotions; beware, therefore, ye virgins, how you behave to those whom ye would wish (not imprudently) to make you partners and companions for life.—*Boston Evn. Gazette.*

He that has given God his worship, and man his due, is entertained with comfortable presages, wears off smoothly and expires in pleasure.

Death is no more than a turning us over from time to eternity: It leads to immortality; and that is recompence enough for the suffering of it.

MONITORIAL.

—
EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE OF THE
REV. W. E. COLLYER, D. D. BOSTON.

THE channels of a man's information are confined to the *past* and to the *present*. He travels with a mist perpetually before his eyes: but when he looks back—the road which he has already trodden is clearly discernable: no vapour hovers over it: it is visible in all its parts, except those very remote portions of it which have dwindled into the obscurity of prolonged perspective. The faithful and impartial record of the inspired pages, causes the earliest periods of time to roll back for the instruction of these latter days. In a moment we feel ourselves transported into the garden of God, and hear his voice whispering amid the trees of Paradise in the cool of the day. We accompany the patriarch from his country and his father's house: we traverse with him, conducted by an invisible hand, the land, in the "length thereof, and in the breadth thereof;" we rest wherever he pitches his tent: we participate his domestic joys and sorrows; and at length we follow him to his long home, and see his body deposited in the grave, there to slumber 'until the times of the restitution of all things.' We are hurried into the camps of the Alexanders and Cæsars of the day: we visit their tents, and listen to their projects to disturb the repose of mankind: we perceive these designs carried into effect, just so far as the wisdom of Providence permits, and no farther: and we see the destroyers of the order and harmony of society, sinking one after another into the dust and the silence of death. History snatches from the hand of time, all that is valuable and useful. By her magic pencil the departed visions of ancient days return, and the fathers

pass and re-pass before our eyes, that we may see, and admire, and imitate their excellencies: that we may abhor and avoid their vices: that we may pity and escape their weaknesses: that our understandings may be enlightened, our judgments be established in truth, and our minds conducted through the lowly and peaceful path of religion to the eternal temple of God.

VARIETY.

FRANCIS BASSEMPIERRE,

A GENERAL of the Swiss guards in the service of Louis XIII. He indulged his wit at the expense of his liberty, for he was confined in the Bastile for his caustic speeches. He passed his time in prison in reading and writing. One day, as he was busily turning over the leaves of the Bible, a friend asked him, "what he was looking for?" "A passage," said he, "which I cannot find." This passage was the way out of prison. When he was liberated, Louis XIII. asked him his age, and he reported himself to be more than fifty. The king seeming surprised, "Sire," he answered, "I deduct ten years passed in the Bastile, because I did not employ them in your service."

How happily was this allusion to his confinement converted into an elegant compliment!

WHAT IS BEAUTY!

How various, and even opposite, are the notions which the natives of different countries entertain of personal beauty! Yet there can be no doubt that the expression of the soft emotions of benevolence, pity, and love, as shown in the female face, is pleasing to all the world. The different opinions of beauty entertained in various countries, relate to to colour and form; and these opinions

arise from national customs, or certain prejudices widely extended, which alter the natural taste. In China, the chief beauty of women is thought to consist in the smallness of their feet: as soon as girls are born, the nurses confine their feet with the tightest ligatures, to prevent their growth. The women of Arabia colour their eye-brows with a black powder, and draw a black line under their eyes, to make them appear more prominent and expressive.

THE BAELER,

Is a perpetual nuisance to society. It commonly happens that shallow streams make the loudest noise; so those who talk the most, very often talk the greatest nonsense. People who are fond of hearing themselves, have but few opportunities of improving from the conversation of others; and though they weary their hearers, they will not be prevailed upon to believe it possible. To talk much and well, requires a sound judgment, retentive memory, and good understanding, with a vast command of temper;—for be assured, if you talk much, you will meet with many severe attacks for the innovation you are making on the time, patience, and pleasure of others.

ATTENTION THE LADIES!!

RECIPE FOR A LADY'S DRESS.

Let your Ear-Rings be *Attention*, encircled by the Pearls of *Refinement*; the Diamonds of your Necklace be *Truth*, and the chain *Christianity*; your Bosom Pin *Charity*, ornamented with the Pearls of *Gentleness*; your Finger-Rings be *Affection*, surrounded with the Diamonds of *Industry*; your Girdle be *Simplicity*, with tassels of *Good Humour*; let your thicker Garb be *Virtue*, and your Drapery, *Politeness*; let your shoes be *Wisdom*, secured by the Buckles of *Perseverance*.—*Vermont Mirror*.

WEALTH

Procured by rapine or injustice, fame purchased by cruelty: dignity bought by dishonourable practices, or a defalcation of principles, are vague and insubstantial enjoyments; they will neither buy off repentance, nor bribe remorse to be silent: the means by which they gained their point, prevent the effect they promised themselves from the acquirement;—and they lose the blessing, in the recollection of the method by which it was obtained.

ZIMMERMAN.

This eminent physician went from Hanover to attend Frederick the Great in his last illness. One day the king said to him, "you have, I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world." This was rather a bitter pill for the Doctor; but the dose he gave the king in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery. "Not so many as your majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."

Suett, the comedian, meeting Bannister early one morning, said, "I intend dining with you soon on eggs and bacon—what day shall I come, Jack?" To which the other replied, "why, if you will have that dish, you must come on a *Fry-day*."

A dashing young lady, who understood that "retrenchment was the order of the day," said "she had cut off two of her lovers; and should endeavour to go on with three in future."

A German geographer being asked when he intended to finish his map of Europe, coolly answered, "In about a century to come, when the affairs of Europe are settled."

LOOK OUT!

It is credibly reported, that a *Spanish Dollar* was seen in this city yesterday evening! several attempts were made by the bystanders to take him prisoner, but he suddenly disappeared and has not been heard of since. Some shrewdly conjecture that the said Spanish gentleman, is a *spy*; others think that he must be a prisoner, who has escaped from the Manhattan Dungeon.—Whoever he be, it is certain that his appearance in New-York excited great astonishment. We understand that the Spanish prisoners, both white and coloured have drawn up a petition to government, for their release from confinement. They seem to think that when war was declared, their fidelity to our government was suspected, and that on that account, they were thrown into "durance vile." We shall publish their petition as soon as it can be obtained.—*New-York Courier*.

PROVIDENCE.

Have ye not seen when Spring's light gale,
Wafts countless blossoms down the vale,
The beauteous leaves descend in showers,
And strew our path with fragrant flowers?
So Heaven's kind hand with tender care,
To soothe our weary sojourn here,
Sheds lightly down some balms of Love,
From plants fair flourishing above.

EPIGRAMS.

IN DEFENCE OF THE LADIES' PRESENT
EVENING DRESSES.

When dress'd for the evening, the girls now-a-days
Scarce an atom of dress on them leave;
Nor blame them—for what is an evening dress
But a dress that is suited for *Eve*!

ADAM.

"Your coat is very short," said John,
"One day unto his brother;
"It will be *long enough*," cried Tom,
"Before I get another."

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

—
LINES

ADDRESS'D TO MISS S—N H—N.

—“It is the loveliest, purest sight on earth,
A mind of virtue by the Graces drest.”

— LYTTLETON.

You cry beware the Syren's charms,
For Beauty's regal banner spread,
Will even cold Indifference warm,
And hearts in willing thralldom lead.

Lady, I own her matchless power,
Nor boast from her allurements free,
Entang'led in the silken web
Of Beauty's shrine I bend to thee.

For know'st thou not, where'er we find
An hazel eye and fairy form,
Glide gaily down the stream of life,
Unconscious of their power to charm,

Tho' it were kind to bid us shun
The lovely, bright bewitching snare,
Prudence appears a chilling sprite,
Her counsels vanish into air.

The friendly admonition floats
On Zephyr's wings unheard afar,
For here we pause with fix'd delight,
And Beauty is our leading star.

EDWIN.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

—
LINES.

The man how blest who sick of gaudy scenes
(Scenes apt to thrust between us and our
selves,)

Is led by choice to take his favourite walk
Beneath Death's gloomy silent cypress
shades

Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastic ray,
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit his vaults and dwell among the tombs.

— YOUNG.

Reason's prime favorite, delightful Young,
Solemn, yet pleasing, how thy words in-
struct;

How oft o'er thee has thoughtless folly
paus'd

And turn'd thy pages with attention rapt.
Even I who join the giddy laughing throng,
And oft am styled the gayest of the gay,
Do frequent feel within my busy heart,
Some kind emotion that springs forth to
thee:

I dearly love at evening's peaceful hour,
When all the world seems wrapt in stillness
round,

And every idle thought is lull'd to rest,
To sit with thee and muse whole hours
away.

'Tis then that I look back upon the world,
And view it as a busy, thoughtless crowd,
Not worthy of one precious moment's waste;
And tho' thy well drawn images are mark'd
With sorrow, woe, and all of human grief,
Which serve to cherish melancholy's reign;
& is a sober dullness which delights
Me more than all the joys light life can
yield.

Oh! while I sit and calmly thus reflect,
On all thy matchless flights on fancy's wing,
Supported there by Reason's powerful arm,
Guarded by Truth's impenetrable shield,
Of all the race that ever tun'd a harp
I wish myself the counterpart of thee.

EMMELINE.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

—
INVOCATION TO HEALTH—BY ONE

IN SICKNESS.

O HEALTH, fair blooming health, where art
thou fled,

Ah! whither hast thou wing'd thy airy
flight;

That thou no more thy happy influence shed,
And I no longer taste thy rich delight.

Why wast thou so impatient to be gone,
Why in such haste to bid a long adieu;
Yes, thou art gone, and I am left forlorn;
With thee, the joys of life departed too.

Content and peace no more remain my
guests,

But all within is discontent and fears:
Now discord and distress, still o'er my
breast,

Scatter their gloomy, heart corroding cares.

Once more return with all thy jocund train :
 O come and calm my cheerless downcast
 heart :
 Like as returns the spring to grace the
 plain,
 So come sweet health, and heavenly joys
 impart.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

FAME.

WHERE Persia's sacred bard reposes,
 Still grateful memory fondly showers
 The Summer's earliest brightest roses,
 And Autumn's latest lingering flowers ;
 When Eve her sable mantle closes,
 Or Morn unbars her golden bowers.

There Genius from his shrine of glory,
 A nation's joyous homage sees,
 His name the theme of every story
 His praises borne on every breeze ;
 The poet's sacred tomb is hoary
 Yet still immortal youth is his.

O who would then, ignobly dying,
 Yield to Oblivion's sullen stream,
 The soul thro' blackest darkness flying,
 Cheered by no solitary gleam ?
 Unwept, unknown his cold corse lying
 Where breaks no glad and brightning
 beam !

When o'er the tomb the grass is waving,
 Shall no one pause upon the sod,
 And say, that battle's fury braving,
 Firm in his country's cause he stood—
 His country's rights—her freedom saving
 Gave up his spirit to his GOD ?

Say that the fires of genius brighten'd
 The slumbering, cold, unconscious clay—
 That once those orbs with genius lighten'd,
 And flash'd with intellectual ray,
 While ignorance and folly frighten'd,
 Confess'd its power and fled away ?

And wherefore is it that the spirit
 Still sighs to live beyond the grave,
 Nor bear the memory of it's merit
 Across dull Lethe's sullen wave ?
 And born corruption to inherit
 O why is man to fame a slave ?

When Fate the ties of earth shall sever,
 What sound can cheer the dreary tomb ?

Can notes of joy pervade it ever ?

Can Flattery sooth, or Song illumine ?
 The voice of praise can enter never
 To cheer the impenetrable gloom !

Ye Atheist's hence ! the soul upsoaring,
 Yon heaven's expanse of blue shall cleave,
 And floods of glory round it pouring,
 Its homage upon earth receive—
 Ador'd below—above adoring,
 In both immortally shall live !

N. N.

FROM THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

[Whether the following, which we copy
 from the London Courier, be the genuine
 production of Lady Byron, we pretend not
 to judge. We think, however, that it
 cannot be regarded as unworthy of her,
 either in poetic merit, or in the tone of
 feeling that it discovers. It could hardly
 be expected, however, that she should
 follow the example set by her noble
 consort, of laying such an effusion be-
 fore the public.]

OH! FORGET ME.

IN ANSWER TO FARE THEE WELL.

Oh forget me ! and forget
 The brightness of our morning gleam
 Of love and hope, which tinges yet
 The memory of that faithless dream.

Oh forget me—whether thou sail
 Lonely in the *Ægean* sea,
 List to the wildering Arab's tale,
 Or plunge in nights of revelry.

For thee—whose stirring soul may rush,
 Where joy spreads forth her treacherous
 charm,
 Bold in thy towering pride to crush
 The serpent's head of earth's poor harm—

If passion win thee to her gusts,
 Let not thy thoughts to home be turn'd—
 Bear not that doubting heart which bursts
 To think of peace despised and spurn'd.

Oh ! then forget me—and if time
 Pluck from thy breast this rankling smart,
 Unchecked by shame, unawed by crime,
 Cling to some warmer, kindlier heart.

For me enough those sunny hours—
 The heralds of this night of woe—

Which led me blind o'er paths of flowers
Breathing all sweets of bliss below—

Though like the violets of the spring,
They opened to the light and died—
Though far they fled on startled wing,
When love shrunk back from injured
pride ;

Still were they sweetest, happiest, best,
That hope ere formed in fancy's train,
The visions of that endless rest,
When truth and joy unite again.

But, oh, forget me !—till that hour
When all light worldly dreams shall fly.
When fame, and wealth, and rank, and
power,
And even genius humbled lie—

Then, if one stormy thought gush in—
If lost affection still may live—
Believe that torn hearts, purg'd from sin,
May meet to love—and to forgive.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1816.

Intelligence.

Fire.—On Thursday morning, between the hours of 12 and 1, a fire broke out in a house occupied by James Connelly and James Wilbur, on the west side of the Fly-Market, between Pearl and Water streets. The flames spread with great rapidity until *six Dwelling houses* along the Fly-Market, and *three Ware houses* in Water-Street, were entirely consumed, and the market very materially injured. The dwellings were occupied by Connelly and Wilbur, Francis McGowan, Mary Cornyn, Andrew Gentle, John Edwards and Thomas Penny, and the Ware houses by Ives and White, Howard and White, and John Lloyd. Most of the furniture and other property was saved in all the buildings, excepting the one in which the calamity originated. This house, we understand, was occupied as a Porter-house or tavern, and the fire

was communicated by a lighted candle which was accidentally left in the bar room.—*Com. Adv.*

By a statement of the inconstant weather at Boston during the last month, it appears that the 10th of June was the coolest day ever known there in that month, the mercury in the thermometer standing at 33. The 23d is said to have been the hottest, the mercury being as high as 99 ; making a difference in extremes of 66 degrees. Last year the least degree of heat there during said month was 47 deg. and the greatest 93 deg. Mean heat both years, however, appear to be much the same.

Accounts from the island of Hayti, announce the arrival there of Mr. Prince Saunders, an African, from London.—Being qualified, he was sent out by Mr. Wilberforce, the venerable father of the abolition of the Slave-trade, to extend the blessings of Vaccination in that island. Two gentlemen of the Society of Friends, giving up every domestic comfort, lately left this city for the same place, for the purpose of extending the blessed doctrines of Christianity to these uncultivated people.

Vast swarms of locusts have made their appearance in North-Carolina.—A common cow bell, it is said, cannot be heard at the distance of 200 yards when they are chaunting.

Fifty houses, estimated at 100,000 dollars ; and 40,000 dollars worth of U. S. property in arms, accoutrements, &c. have lately been destroyed by fire at Raleigh, (N. C.)

The corporation of Baltimore are about adopting the use of Gass Light, in preference of oil, to light that city.

Sixty-four thousand pounds of Maple Sugar are said to have been made at Plattsburg this season.

The U. S. frigate Macedonian has arrived at Annapolis from Carthagena, having completed the object for which she was sent—the release of American citizens detained there by the Spaniards.

A child died lately in Franklin, Vango county, in consequence of taking a swallow of strong lye, instead of water. This should be a caution to parents and nurses.

An Asylum for the education of the deaf and dumb, to be supported by charitable contributions, is about being established in Hartford, (Con.) In that state alone, it is said nearly 100 such objects are to be found.

A singular case of what is called "justifiable homicide" lately occurred near Wilkesbarre, Penn. A man, said to be a horse-thief, in attempting to make his escape after he had been taken, was shot through the head by his pursuer.

Something new.—A schooner, loaded with pork, has arrived at Baltimore from Marietta, on the Ohio river, after a passage of 46 days.

The number of visitors at Vauxhall Garden in this city, on the 4th instant, it is said amounted to 12,016. The admission money received (at half a dollar a ticket) and the money for refreshments, is supposed to be little short of \$,000 dollars.

Potatoes are said to be best preserved in their native mould. To effect this it is advised to barrel them, or bury them, as soon as dug, and to fill up the interstices with sand or earth to prevent their becoming rancid from the effects of the atmosphere.

The application of Steam on foul linen is recommended as a good substitute for manual labour in washing.

Churning of butter is now easier and much better effected by the Cradle Churn, which can as easily be worked by a child as a grown person.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

Extract from the Journals of the Honourable East India Company ships Fairlie and James Sibbald, on their passage to Calcutta, in 1815.

"On the 1st October, our latitude at noon was 13 35 South, longitude 84 00 East, we observed quantities of stuff

floating on the surface of the water, and which had to us the appearance of sea weed, but were quite astonished to find it burnt cinders evidently volcanic. The sea was covered with it during the two next days; our latitude on the 3d October at noon was 10 9 South, longitude 84 20 East."

"Remarks.—The surface of the water was so completely covered with the volcanic matter, that I should think it very unlikely to have been drifted any considerable distance, as it is probable it would have been much more scattered. In an old chart I had on board, there is a submarine volcano placed in the same longitude and latitude, about 3 30 South; and from the great distance from any land where we found this curious phenomenon, I think there can be no other way of accounting for it, than the probability of a submarine volcano existing in that neighbourhood.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. John Whitehand to Miss Harriot M. Forrister, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Lansing, Mr. Joshua Boyd, to Miss Dorcas S. Dickenson, daughter of Charles Dickenson, esq. of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Milledolar, Mr. James Gordon to Miss Phebe Heyer.

OBITUARY.

The city Inspector reports the death of 26 persons during the week ending on Saturday the 6th ult.

DIED.

Mr. Edward Connolly, aged 45.

Mrs. Bridget Hill, wife of Mr. John Hill.

Mr. Aaron Burk, aged 26.

Miss Ann Maria Casenave, daughter of the late Mr. John Casenave, aged 16.

At Trenton, on the 4th inst. Mrs. Eleanor Ewing, wife of Charles Ewing, esq. and daughter of the late rev. James F. Armstrong.

UNFORTUNATE GALLANT.

A young gentleman, who had been left heir to a considerable estate, took into his head that it was necessary, in order to cut a figure upon the town, to act as a man of pleasure and gallantry. He accordingly determined to write an amorous epistle, in the best style, to the wife of a reputable tradesman at whose house he had for some time been a visitor, and where he had been treated with the greatest politeness and friendship. A messenger was despatched with a letter, which concluded with a faithful promise to wait upon the lady at 7 o'clock next evening, an hour at which he knew her husband would be absent.

The lady, whose person and mind were equally amiable, upon the receipt of this letter, immediately gave it to her husband; when after enjoying a hearty laugh at the contents, it was agreed between them that the amorous gentleman should be rewarded according to his merit. At the appointed hour he came, and commenced his amorous suit in a theatrical manner, with much grace and spirit. He was however soon interrupted, by hearing of the husband's unexpected arrival. The lady, in an affected fright, entreated him, if he felt for the reputation of a woman who loved him, instantly to jump out of the window. He immediately took a leap, and fell into a large cistern of water prepared for the reception. His passion being sufficiently cooled, he was permitted to depart, but not without a very severe horse-whipping by one of the tradesman's porters, and a promise of receiving the same discipline whenever he came there again.

A fellow lately brought before a magistrate in Dublin, on a charge of an assault, candidly acknowledged that he had a hand in kicking the plaintiff down stairs.

POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

It appears from a comparison of the different censuses taken since the adoption of the federal Constitution, that the population of the U. States increases at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum; that is, it doubles in every 23 years. There is every reason to believe, that the population will continue to increase in this proportion for many years; perhaps for a century to come.—The vast unsettled interior of N. America will continue to accommodate with nearly the same ease it does at present, all the millions which would be produced during that period by such a rate of increase. The following schedule will show the population of the United States for 110 years to come, at intervals of 23 years, supposing the increase to be in the proportion we have mentioned:—

In 1810 it was	7,000,000
In 1833 it will be	14,000,000
In 1856,	28,000,000
In 1879,	56,000,000
In 1902,	112,000,000
In 1925,	224,000,000

This last number scattered over a territory of 3,000,000 square miles, would average about 70 to each mile; a population about as dense as that of Massachusetts Proper, and as the average of all Europe.—*Boston Recorder.*

He that talks *all* he knows, will talk *more* than he knows. Great talkers discharge too quick to take always true aim.

THE MUSEUM

Is published every Saturday at No. 102 Water-street, by JAMES ORAM. It forms annually two octavo volumes, together of 832 pages of close letter-press, without any advertisements. The yearly subscription is Three Dollars. City Subscribers to pay one half, and country subscribers the whole, in advance.